

BUSINESS CARDS.

MEAD & FULLER,
BOOK AND
JOB PRINTERS
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.

All kinds of Plain and Ornamental Printing done
in a modern style, and on short notice.

M. H. EDDY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office in Brewster's Block, over
Express Office.

J. H. SIMMONS,
(Successor to A. H. Copeland, Jr.)
DEALER IN
Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials,
Magazines, Newspapers, Pictures,
and Picture Frames,
BREWSTER'S BLOCK, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

W. P. RUSSELL, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.,
Office over my Drug Store, Entrance
Middle Door,
Brewster's Block

H. KINGSLEY,
DENTIST,
MIDDLEBURY,
OFFICE, Brewster's Block,
Up Stairs.

STEWART & FOOTE,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT.
J. W. STEWART, I. H. S. FOOTE.

E. R. WRIGHT
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
AND
CLAIM AGENT,
Middlebury, Vt.

C. B. CURRIER, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon
Office, under Masonic Hall,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.
Office Hours, from 7 to 8 A. M.; 12 to 1, and
6 to 8, P. M.

N. HARRIS, M. D.,
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist.
Teeth filled with Crystallized Gold, all opera-
tions done in Dentistry as usual, office
at his residence on Park Street, west
side of the Little Park

THOMAS H. MC LEOD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Solicitor in Chancery,
AND CLAIM AGENT,
Office of the Old Ods Seymour,
MIDDLEBURY, VT.

A. P. TUPPER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
EAST MIDDLEBURY V

H. W. BREWSTER,
Dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and
FANCY GOODS.
In Copeland's Bookstore, Middlebury, Vt.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired in
the best manner, and warranted. Terms mod-
erate.

J. S. BUSHNELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
At Office of L. D. Eldridge, Esq., formerly oc-
cupied by P. Starr.
Middlebury, Vt., March 26th, 18 4.

L. L. WHITLOCK,
Dealer in
Trees, Shrubs, &c., &c.,
The subscriber has established himself in this vicin-
ity, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of
Ornamental Stock,
which he will guarantee to be just such as his
patrons shall order.
Trees set out and warranted if desired. 25
Leave your names or orders at the Post Office in
Middlebury, and I will call and see you.
Middlebury, Dec. 30, 1865. 38 4

AT CLAY'S
JUST RECEIVED
New Goods,
Consisting of
Millinery,
Dress Goods,
Cloaks,
Shawls,
Furs,
Worsted Goods
Of Every Description,
Dress and Cloak Trimmings
OF ALL KINDS.
Waterproof Cloths and Cloaks,
and
EVERY THING
in the line of
LADIES' DRESS
and
FURNISHING GOODS,
Call and
See Prices as low as at any place in Town.

SHEEP WASH TOBACCO.
Sheep Shears,
Sheep Blanketing,
Blue Vitriol, Nitric Acid, Sulphur, Butter of
Antimony, Corrosive Sublimite, and White
Vitriol, at
SHELDON'S. 49 4

POTATOES,
400 Bushels, for Sale by
H. A. SHELDON.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT FROM
WALL STREET!! GRANT!!!
AND
CHAPMAN & BARBOUR!!!
Gold Down! Grant Victorious!!
PRICES OF GOODS MARKED DOWN!!!
For further information, enquire at
CHAPMAN & BARBOUR.
Middlebury, March 28, 1865. 52 4

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF LADIES' and
MISS' SHOES, -at reduced prices,
AT
CHAPMAN & BARBOUR,
Middlebury, March 28, 1865. 52 4

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1865.

NO 14.

POETRY.

"So Run that Ye May Obtain."

Run well thy race,
Though flesh and heart and soul combine,
To lure thee, from the course divine,
Turn not aside, cease not the strife,
But racing, win eternal life.
Be not cast down; no faithful soul
Hath ever failed to reach the goal.
All races in this course shall win,
However slow, or late begin.
The truest course o'er the ground,
Shall make the goal and then be crowned,
Provided, he by rule contend,
And running stop not, of the end.

Where most or mound or sherd may lay,
To trip the feet, or block the way,
Where lions growl, or culture sweep,
Let not the speed nor spirit drop;
Or when through loss of strength or zeal,
Thou lag behind, O then appeal
By prayer to Him, who ne'er denies,
To weary ones, all true supplies,
Be not overcome, be not cast down,
Let no with racer take thy crown,
Run well thy race.

"Springfield, June, 1825.

MISCELLANY.

JOHN RODMAN.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

For a deed he had not done John Rodman was arrested, tried, found guilty, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

Ten years, beginning at twenty-five. The best years of his life. Circumstantial evidence, which has doomed many a man, doomed him. That, and a false witness, who took his oath to a lie, with God's name upon his lips, and his guilty hand upon God's holy Bible. It was a horrible fate; and what was worst of all no one believed him innocent—friends, brothers, casual acquaintances, all shook their heads and said, "It was a dangerous thing to trust a wild young man with so much money."

Only Eva Fay, his young betrothed, sent him a tiny note, blurted with her tears, wherein shone these words—beacon lights to that unhappy man on that dark sea of sorrow.

"My darling, whatever others think I will trust and love you until I die."

Could she have come to him, could she have spoken words of hope and tenderness, with her white hands in his own, he could have borne his hard fate far better. But they would not let her enter the prison walls.

Who could blame them, thinking what they did? And she was too young, too gentle, to resist them by force or stratagem. So the girl of sixteen could only break her heart in silence, and her lover bowed beneath the just law which for once had done injustice.

They parted, and the years rolled on one after another. In the world strange changes happened, and there were deaths and marriages and births. Old faces went, new ones came. Inventions set the world ablaze. Wars and rumors of wars shook the earth. In the prison, one monotonous routine divided the days, and the nights were only marked by the exchange of sun for gas-light.

John Rodman's soul was crushed; considered a felon by all he grew to feel like one—to shrink from the eyes of honest men, and have no hope on earth or in heaven save in those prison walls.

Sometimes he said, "Ten years will end at last." And then he asked himself, "For what? My life is wasted. I cannot begin again."

And untimely snows fell upon his hair, and wrinkles drew themselves upon his brow. And when at last the prison door was opened to let out the poor wronged man, he felt older than most men do at fifty. He stood in the world, without a cent, or decent clothes, or any place to hide his head; and bowed beneath the sense of his great wrong and bitter loss.

There came out with him an old thief, one of his jail companions—a bald, bold man, with a spot of gratitude somewhere in the midst of his heart. He followed John Rodman and came up to him in a lonely place, at the bleak corner of a road, where he had stopped, puzzled, trying to collect his thoughts.

"I say, what are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do I said John, gloomily. "Earn an honest living or hang myself."

"Can't let 'em know you've been in there," said the thief, pointing prison-ward, "or you can't do the first; and before you put your neck in a noose, come to our place. You will find a friend there, and a welcome. You was good to me in there, and I like you," and he ended with an oath.

John Rodman shuddered. He knew what haunts that man made his home in, and a horrible dread of himself came over him. He had been called a thief so long that it seemed quite possible that the actual life of one might lie before him. He grew cold from the heart out.

"I shall earn an honest living somehow," said he. "All I want is bread, and a shelter. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said the thief. "It's 5—Alley, if you want to come there, you may yet."

And they parted—John Rodman taking the road toward New York.

His first thought, when he quite understood that he was free, was of Eva. Not that he might woo or win her after ten years of disgrace, but only to see her once and tell her how, through all those years, he had remembered and worshipped her. He hardly guessed himself, how he had changed. The brooding hang-dog look, the thin, bent frame, the unkempt locks that blew about his face; the hat with a hole in it, the ragged knees

and elbows. A squalid beggarly wretch, who, when he last looked in a mirror, had been a spruce young fellow, hand-some as a picture.

So he toiled on toward her city, and when faint with hunger, found a horse to hold or a job to do and earn a pittance.

So, when he crawled into town, he had a shilling, and being faint, slunk into a restaurant hard by to get a glass of ale. It was a place frequented by Germans, and with a sanded floor and bare pine tables. But it had its elegancies, too. And opposite the table where John Rodman sat, hung a square mirror and two gaudy prints. John looked at one of these, then at the other.

At twilight, while the household were in the dining-room, he crept in at a back window, made his way up stairs, and hid beneath a bed on the upper floor.

There he crouched until the house grew still, and one by one the inmates ascended the stairs. At last some one stopped at that door and entered. If it should prove a stalwart man, his task was doubly dangerous. He peeped out. It was a woman—a fair woman—with golden hair and blue eyes, whose face he could plainly see, and who put down her lamp and sat beside a table. From thence she took a box, and opening it, drew out some letters, time-worn and yellow, a miniature portrait, and a lock of hair, which she kissed, and then wither weeping over. Then she buried her face in her hands, and prayed, murmuring the words over, but uttering one louder than the first.

John Rodman almost screamed in his agitation—that word was his own name! And in a moment he knew that this was Eva Fay, and that, constant to his memory even yet, she prayed for him.

Oh! the great joy to know it—oh! the horror of being where he was. Silently he wept, brushing the tears aside to watch her, until she began to doze herself, when he veiled his face in honor of her inmate womanhood. Intently he listened in the after darkness, until her breathing grew regular and heavy, and he knew she slumbered; and then by the window he had entered he departed, and fled for life. But before he left he had scribbled in the darkness upon a card these words:

"Eva, I have been near you. I am homeless with prison life, and prison associations. I dare not let you see me now. You believed me innocent of that crime of which they charged me. God bless you! I was innocent then. Yet since that time I have been on the verge of crimes as great. Pray for me, as I heard you pray and wait and watch, a little while. Nerved by the knowledge that you love me still, John Rodman may yet make a name for which you shall not blush. God bless and keep you. Adieu."

He laid this upon her table, and went forth a man again. He walked the streets until day-light, praying inwardly. When the sun rose he saw glimmering on many a wall and fence new placards, posted overnight. The first call for men had been made. Columbia's voice summoned her sons to her aid, and thousands were ready. John Rodman read the words "Recruits Wanted," as though they had been written by the hands of angels. Hard by, drums beat and bagpipes blared from a recruiting office. If Heaven's gates had opened John Rodman could not have felt more thankful. He could almost have knelt in the open street to utter a thanksgiving. In this soldier's love he saw escape from crime and want, and a path to honor and to his Eva's love.

In an hour he was enlisted under the banner of the Union, and a few weeks afterwards marched with his comrades from the city. As those brave men passed through the crowded thoroughfare hats were lifted and handkerchiefs waved, and bright eyes grew dewy. Some amongst the band had sweet farewells from woman's lips to cheer them; many, many fond embraces of a mother, wife and children. John Rodman had but the memory of his constant Eva's prayer for him. He needed nothing else.

Those were hot and bloody days that followed; but through them Private John Rodman bore bravely—so brave that the fact was noted and spoken of. At last he saved his Colonel's life at the risk of his own, and Private John Rodman was no more, for Sergeant John Rodman took his place.

After that brave deed and promotion followed hand in hand; and now and then John Rodman hoped that Eva might read his name. His form grew erect once more; his eye bright; his old looks returned; and still a braver soldier never trod the field. He was captain now. A gentleman and an officer of rank. In those two long years of battle he had suffered much by wounds, privations and anxiety. Yet he thanked God with every breath for having saved him and made him what he was.

One burning July day dawned upon a fearful battle—hand to hand—tooth and nail—Southern chivalry and Yankee grit. Blood ran like water. Brave men were appalled; some turned towards and fled as a child might.

Not John Rodman. His bright eye and haughty face, his cheerful cry, his own daring, encouraged his men, and old soldiers marked him and applauded his bravery.

A woman's feeble pen can scarce paint the battle-field; mine will not attempt it. Enough that I tell you the bravest deed of that great day was done by Captain John Rodman. And when night came, he lay senseless and pallid as a corpse upon a cot in the long tent hospital, while on the wings of the press sped over half the world tidings of that day and of his part in it.

Out of a death-like trance John Rodman awoke, and the moon was shining down on him, and near a shaded lamp a woman sat at work. A hospital nurse, of course, and he closed his eyes again. His mind was active once more, and he remembered all—the fight and his wound, and fall. He felt the stump of a bandaged limb, and knew his soldier's life was over. A few tears arose in his eye,

that well-bred, honest people had denied him.

They let him rest after that, until he grew strong and doubly desperate. With his wrongs heavy upon him—with those thieves his only friends—he fell at last.

A dwelling was to be robbed, and John Rodman was amongst those who were to pillage it. His task was a dangerous one. He was to enter the house, conceal himself until a safe hour, and then let in the others.

At twilight, while the household were in the dining-room, he crept in at a back window, made his way up stairs, and hid beneath a bed on the upper floor.

There he crouched until the house grew still, and one by one the inmates ascended the stairs. At last some one stopped at that door and entered. If it should prove a stalwart man, his task was doubly dangerous. He peeped out. It was a woman—a fair woman—with golden hair and blue eyes, whose face he could plainly see, and who put down her lamp and sat beside a table. From thence she took a box, and opening it, drew out some letters, time-worn and yellow, a miniature portrait, and a lock of hair, which she kissed, and then wither weeping over. Then she buried her face in her hands, and prayed, murmuring the words over, but uttering one louder than the first.

John Rodman almost screamed in his agitation—that word was his own name! And in a moment he knew that this was Eva Fay, and that, constant to his memory even yet, she prayed for him.

Oh! the great joy to know it—oh! the horror of being where he was. Silently he wept, brushing the tears aside to watch her, until she began to doze herself, when he veiled his face in honor of her inmate womanhood. Intently he listened in the after darkness, until her breathing grew regular and heavy, and he knew she slumbered; and then by the window he had entered he departed, and fled for life. But before he left he had scribbled in the darkness upon a card these words:

"Eva, I have been near you. I am homeless with prison life, and prison associations. I dare not let you see me now. You believed me innocent of that crime of which they charged me. God bless you! I was innocent then. Yet since that time I have been on the verge of crimes as great. Pray for me, as I heard you pray and wait and watch, a little while. Nerved by the knowledge that you love me still, John Rodman may yet make a name for which you shall not blush. God bless and keep you. Adieu."

He laid this upon her table, and went forth a man again. He walked the streets until day-light, praying inwardly. When the sun rose he saw glimmering on many a wall and fence new placards, posted overnight. The first call for men had been made. Columbia's voice summoned her sons to her aid, and thousands were ready. John Rodman read the words "Recruits Wanted," as though they had been written by the hands of angels. Hard by, drums beat and bagpipes blared from a recruiting office. If Heaven's gates had opened John Rodman could not have felt more thankful. He could almost have knelt in the open street to utter a thanksgiving. In this soldier's love he saw escape from crime and want, and a path to honor and to his Eva's love.

In an hour he was enlisted under the banner of the Union, and a few weeks afterwards marched with his comrades from the city. As those brave men passed through the crowded thoroughfare hats were lifted and handkerchiefs waved, and bright eyes grew dewy. Some amongst the band had sweet farewells from woman's lips to cheer them; many, many fond embraces of a mother, wife and children. John Rodman had but the memory of his constant Eva's prayer for him. He needed nothing else.

Those were hot and bloody days that followed; but through them Private John Rodman bore bravely—so brave that the fact was noted and spoken of. At last he saved his Colonel's life at the risk of his own, and Private John Rodman was no more, for Sergeant John Rodman took his place.

After that brave deed and promotion followed hand in hand; and now and then John Rodman hoped that Eva might read his name. His form grew erect once more; his eye bright; his old looks returned; and still a braver soldier never trod the field. He was captain now. A gentleman and an officer of rank. In those two long years of battle he had suffered much by wounds, privations and anxiety. Yet he thanked God with every breath for having saved him and made him what he was.

One burning July day dawned upon a fearful battle—hand to hand—tooth and nail—Southern chivalry and Yankee grit. Blood ran like water. Brave men were appalled; some turned towards and fled as a child might.

Not John Rodman. His bright eye and haughty face, his cheerful cry, his own daring, encouraged his men, and old soldiers marked him and applauded his bravery.

A woman's feeble pen can scarce paint the battle-field; mine will not attempt it. Enough that I tell you the bravest deed of that great day was done by Captain John Rodman. And when night came, he lay senseless and pallid as a corpse upon a cot in the long tent hospital, while on the wings of the press sped over half the world tidings of that day and of his part in it.

Out of a death-like trance John Rodman awoke, and the moon was shining down on him, and near a shaded lamp a woman sat at work. A hospital nurse, of course, and he closed his eyes again. His mind was active once more, and he remembered all—the fight and his wound, and fall. He felt the stump of a bandaged limb, and knew his soldier's life was over. A few tears arose in his eye,

and a great sigh heaved his bosom. Then he heard the nurse arise and draw near and bend over him, and opening those tear-filled eyes, he saw through the mist, the face of Eva Fay.

"Is it a dream?" he said. "Oh, Eva, can it be possible that you are here?"

And she cried: "Thank Heaven, he knows me. It is no dream, dear John."

She sat with her hand in his and her cheek against his own. For a while John was happy, then sad again.

Eva spoke to cheer him. "Do you wonder how I came here?"

"Yes, angel."

"Ah! I have kept watch over you ever since I first read your name. I am very proud of you, John. Do you know they have made you a colonel?"

"Ah! his heart arose and sank in one moment. 'A poor colonel, Eva—a crippled man who will scarcely lift a sword again. Oh, Eva—'

"My poor, poor darling!"

"I do not think of this. I did so hope to come to you in strength and health to offer you fame and fortune. I dare not now say 'will you have a poor maimed soldier?' It would be wronging you."

Eva bent over him. "It would be no use, John."

"I do not blame you, Eva." And he hid his face.

"None at all, John," said Eva, "for darling, the day I came here we believed you dying; and that I might stay and nurse you to the last, I told the chaplain we were betrothed, and he married us. Don't you remember, John? You said 'I will.'"

John clasped her in his arms. "I remember," he said, "but I thought it was a dream. I have had so many, Eva. And it is true quite true?"

"As Heaven, darling!"

Then John Rodman murmured, "God bless you, darling," and laid his head upon his wife's white arm and rested happily.

Pig-On.—The other day, as I was walking out, I met a friend of mine, one Lucius O'Roon, a regular Hibernian. As we were walking along, he told me about a little oil-well he thought he had found on his premises.

"Well, you must know, one day while I was in the back-yard foreman the pigsty, when an idea struck me that our pork was very oily—the same token I'd often told Mrs. O'Roon the same thing."

"Do you think so, Lucius dear?" she'd say.

"Or course I do," says I, "and I can't tell the reason of it." But we said no more about it, and the day when I was standing by the pigsty, looking at the creatures looked sleek and oily. "How my mother," says I, "but them pigs have impudence. Here they are rolling in oil, and I as poor as a blind piper." Well, that I gave a yell, and rushing into the O'Roon mansion, just as Mrs. O'Roon was coming out with a pot of boiling water. I knocked the pot out of her hand, scalding little pig that was lying in the doorway.

"Arra, wirra, wirra!" cried Mrs. O'Roon, "the blessed pig is killed!"

"Devil take the pig!" says I. "Hurroo! come to me arms, Mrs. O'Roon; see! it's me that'll be as rich as the kings of old Ireland!"

"What's the matter wid yez, me Lucius? Is it drunk or mad ye is?"

"It's drunk wid joy I am, Judy dear. Hurroo! bless the pigs! Bless the pigsty! Bless Saint Petroleum! Bless—"

"Blessed Virgin, what's come over him!" hollered Mrs. O'Roon, crossing herself.

"I've struck it! I've struck it!" says I. "He's been fighting!" says Judy.

"It's out in the yard!" says I. "What's out in the yard?" says she. "An oil-well," says I.

"And wid that I brought her out, and showed her the well."

"Had scran to yez, Lucius O'Roon," says she, "is that what yez scared the life out of me, and scalded the little pig for?"

"Faix, an' if that's an oil-well it's nisy to make one; for it's only the oily pork-water I threw in the puddle."

A GOOD BARGAIN.—A good story is told of a Vermont farmer, who had a dog to sell, but who set an excessive value on the animal according to his neighbor's views. His price was one hundred dollars. He was frequently offered thirty and thirty-five dollars, which he refused, and always assured his friends he would get his price for the dog.

One day he returned from a journey, and immediately proclaimed that he had sold his dog for one hundred dollars.

"Ah!" said his neighbor, "did you get cash?"

"No," said the farmer, "not exactly cash, but what is equivalent."

School-Room Exercise.

"John, bound the State of Matrimony?"

"The State of Matrimony is bounded on the North by Solitude, on the East by Double trouble, on the South by Sorrows, on the West by Vexation."

"What are its chief products?"

"Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pies."

"What is said of its climate?"

"It has a more varied temperature than any other state in existence. In that portion of it called the Honey-moon, the climate is salubrious and healthy—the atmosphere laden with the sweets of flowers of Hyemen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect more warmth, and in some other parts there is all the burning sensation of the torrid zone. Sometimes a fellow's house in the State of Matrimony, gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say, he travels with all speed, not to, but from the place, where coal is generally supposed to exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the State of Matrimony?"

"Can't say, sir—never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, S rah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage."

"Marriage is a noun, because it's a name. And though Shakespeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and, therefore, a name, shows that the rule established by the bar of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of a very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a name, ergo, there is something in a name."

"Good! Well, what is the case of marriage?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Decline it, and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a very common case, and I would not care if it were a little commoner. And I suppose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"

Jane blushed extremely, and answered: "Had rather not, sir."

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"

"Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"

"Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the person ties the knot, marriage will be singular, because the Bible says that twain shall be one flesh."

"What gender is marriage?"

"Common gender, because either male or female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with some things?"

"Both, sir. It governs both mankind and womankind, and as to agreeing, it